

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



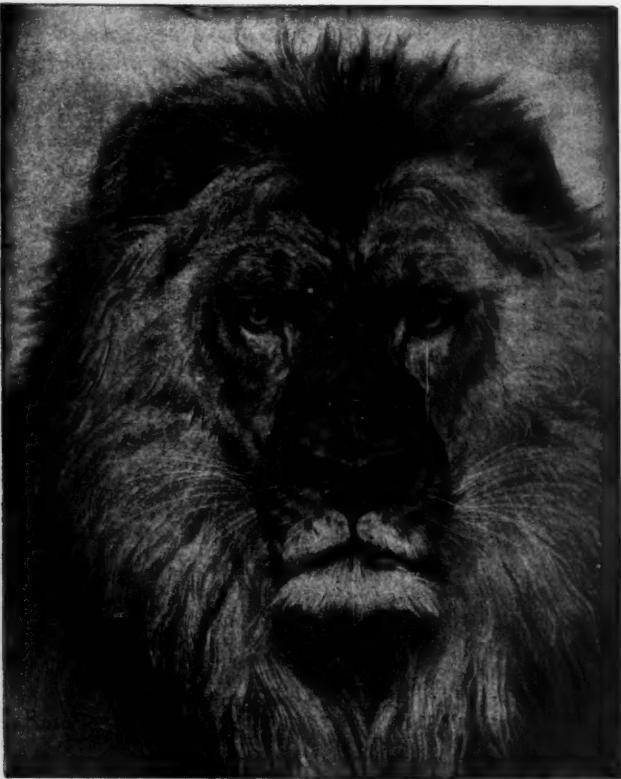
CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 35.

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No. 8.



WAR.



PEACE.

"Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature."

The above are the mottoes inscribed on the seal of our American Humane Education Society, first of its kind in the world, and among whose objects are: (1) the establishing of a "Humane Building" or "Temple of Humanity" in our own city, to be followed,

we hope, by their establishment in other cities.

(2) To carry humane education into all our universities, colleges and schools as it has never been carried before.

(3) To establish as widely as possible the

best order of chivalry the world has ever seen, whose aim shall be: *To Protect the Defenceless, Maintain the Right, and promote Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature, both Human and Dumb.*

GEO. T. ANGELL,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

Praise Him all creatures here below."

THE COAL STRIKE.

We hope the coal strike will properly impress all our rich people with the fact that capital depends on labor as truly as labor depends on capital, and that all our rich should try to live, so far as possible, in harmony with the poor.

THE TESTIMONY BEFORE THE COAL STRIKE ARBITRATORS.

Some of this testimony, as we see by the *Boston Herald* of Dec. 10th, showed such cruelty on the part of some of the operators as to bring tears from one of the arbitrators and strong evidences of indignation from others. We think no humane man could read it without indorsing the opinion of a New Hampshire clergyman who, when failing to collect his salary, told his hearers that if there wasn't a hell there ought to be.

We thank President Roosevelt for what he may have done to cause this evidence to be brought to public notice.

TWO MOST IMPORTANT QUESTIONS FOR CONGRESS.

PERHAPS A NEW THOUGHT.

(1) Whether, if we increase our navy, European powers will not make a similar increase of theirs?

(2) Whether it would not be well, before voting an increase, to ascertain whether European powers will not join us in an agreement to build no more warships, say, during the next two years, and so save us and them [during that time] from the enormous cost of such building? GEO. T. ANGELL.

A NEW YEARS' WISH.

May your New Year dawn as brightly
As did Eden's sinless days!
May the months pass by you lightly
As the bees o'er wild-rose sprays!
May no sullen care or sorrow
Print upon your brow a scar!
May your thoughts be bright and stainless
As the thoughts of angels are!
May the love of friends caress you!
May God be your guide and stay,
And with faith unfaltering bless you,
And with hope all fear allay.
May your way be clean, if narrow,
And with choicest blessings strewn!
May your heart be full of music
As the leafy woods in June! S. S. Journal.

THE PRESIDENT MERCIFUL.

A feature of President Roosevelt's character different from that with which he is commonly credited was displayed recently in a little incident which the *Saturday Evening Post* relates. The President, in company with Secretary Root, had been enjoying a horseback ride to Chevy Chase, in the vicinity of Washington. On their return they were going along Sixteenth Street, near the Henderson Castle, when a series of short cries attracted the president's attention.

"What is it?" asked Secretary Root.

"Kittens, I think," replied the president, turning his horse around. "And they seem to be in distress."

Then the chief magistrate began an investigation and discovered that the melancholy chorus issued from the open catch-basin of a sewer where a litter of kittens, tied up in a bag, was found. The wrath of the President blazed out against the wretch who had flung the kittens there to die in slow agony, and he caused them to be rescued and placed in the hands of a humane person, who undertook to take care of them.

Our idea is that if Roosevelt, when a boy, had received the humane education we are giving in our "Bands of Mercy," vast good would have been accomplished. As it is, we shall not be surprised if, when he reaches the age at which Abraham Lincoln died, he should be as much opposed to war and every form of cruelty as Lincoln was. GEO. T. ANGELL.

AMONG CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Among various Christmas presents we are glad to receive, just before going to press, annual subscriptions for five hundred copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, to be sent to Pittsburg, Pa., and for one hundred to be sent to Washington, D. C. Also an order for fifty copies of our Spanish "Black Beauty."

EX-SPEAKER REED.

In the long columns in all our newspapers relating to the recent death of ex-Speaker Reed, we have seen no mention of how, some years ago, on his way to the Capitol he stopped the abuse of a colored driver to a miserable horse struggling up a hill, compelling the driver to throw off half his load. It was a little thing, some will say, but perhaps in the day of judgment when we stand before the bar of Infinite Justice to answer for deeds done in the body, it may count more to his credit than if he had caused the deaths of ten thousand horses and men in Cuba or two hundred thousand in the Philippine Islands.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

War is the concentration of all human crimes.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

"WE BELIEVE."

(1) That "war is hell" for dumb animals as well as human beings, because it makes men devils.

(2) That the [so-called] "Monroe Doctrine" [so far as it is held to shut out the great continent of South America from all nations but our own] is the most ingenious device that infernal ingenuity could ever have invented to involve us in enormous preparations for ruinous wars with other [so-called] Christian nations.

We have ten thousand miles of our own coast line to defend, saying nothing of Porto Rico, the Sandwich and Philippine Islands, and, under this [so-called] Monroe Doctrine, the whole great continent of South America.

If we are going to guard all these we shall need a navy as large as the combined navies of all Europe, and the expenditure of incalculable millions of dollars to carry on the devil's work of war through coming generations.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

IN A WAR WITH GERMANY ALONE.

In a war with Germany alone consider the enormous seacoast of our country which we should have to defend, and the little seacoast of Germany — then consider the exposed seacoast of Boston and Massachusetts, and the vast amount of property [including the deposits in our savings banks] which would probably shrink fifty per cent. in value. Then consider the millions that are being poured into our universities and colleges, without a dollar given to educate our youth for the prevention of war.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Let Congress take off the duty on coal and beef and postpone the building of new battleships.

A LETTER TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

December 30, 1902.

HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
President of the United States.

DEAR SIR:—Kindly permit me to enclose to you a letter which appeared on the editorial page of our *Boston Evening Transcript* last evening, and to suggest that it seems to me, whether such a proposition should be accepted or rejected, it could only result in good, and possibly might go down through history as an effort on the part of your administration to hasten the coming of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

With kind wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,
GEO. T. ANGELL.

[From editorial page, *Boston Transcript*,
Dec. 29, 1902.]

A NEW PROPOSITION AS TO OUR NAVY.

To the Editor of the *Transcript*:

As the question of a large increase of our navy is now before Congress, kindly permit me to ask through your columns:

1. Whether, if we increase our navy, European Powers will not make a similar increase in theirs?
2. Whether it would not be well, before voting an increase, to kindly invite European Powers to join us in an agreement to build no more warships (say during the next two years) and so save us and them (during that time) from the enormous cost of such building?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"SWORDS AND PLOWSHARES."

From the above-named book, written by Ernest Crosby, and published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., Lafayette Place, N. Y., we take the following:

There is "great rejoicing at the nation's capital." So says the morning's paper. The enemy's fleet has been annihilated. Mothers are delighted because other mothers have lost sons just like their own; Wives and daughters smile at the thought of new-made widows and orphans; Strong men are full of glee because other strong men are either slain or doomed to rot alive in torments; Small boys are delirious with pride and joy as they fancy themselves thrusting swords into soft flesh, and burning and laying waste such homes as they themselves inhabit.

Hail to the hero! Decked out in blue, red, and gilt, as in war-paint! Rejoicing like a savage in a long head-feather and gold shoulder fringes!

Proud to commit with these adornments all the crimes for which he would be disgraced and punished as a felon without them.

Modestly bearing on his breast a star and ribbon which say, "I am a hero," as plainly as the beggar's placard says, "I am blind."

Admitting that he obeys orders without thinking, and thus proclaiming his complete abdication of conscience and intellect.

Hail to the hero!

O shade of Cervantes! Come back and draw for us another Don Quixote to prick this bubble of militarism as you pricked that other bubble of knight-errantry.

The world yearns for your re-appearance.

Come and depict the hero!

ONE BEAR HUNT.

Some one sends us a cutting from the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, which, referring to the bear hunt of the Roosevelt party in Mississippi, gives the experience of an old hunter in Eastern Arkansas, who after wounding a bear was so overcome by the sufferings of the poor animal, and its attempt to fill the wound with leaves from the tree where it had taken refuge, until it fell to the ground, that he decided it would be the last bear hunt he would ever engage in.

ROBIN'S NEW YEAR.

On the snowy branch of the holly-bush
 A gay little redbreast sings :
 " Happy New Year to all, to all," says he.
 Oh ! loudly his greeting rings.
 And in the warm nursery, way high up
 From the window-pane looks down
 A dear little girl with sunshiny hair,
 And a boy with eyes so brown.
 To robin they call " Ho, ho ! little bird,
 Why singing so gayly, pray ?
 The snow is so deep, the wind is so keen,
 You'll freeze with the cold to-day."
 " Icicles hang on the mistletoe bough
 And snow on the meadow lies,
 But I fear not the cold this New Year's morn,"
 The brave little bird replies.
 " For God he is good, and God he is love,
 He made the land and the sea ;
 And the God that sees when the sparrows fall
 Will also take care of me."
 Then he eats with a thankful heart the crumbs
 That the small white hands let fall,
 And sings from his swing in holly-bush,
 " Happy New Year to all, to all!"

Our Little Ones and The Nursery.

THIS WORLD IS NOT HEAVEN.

It contains in the sick chambers, in the hospitals, in the homes of both rich and poor, an amount of physical and mental suffering almost beyond the power of words to describe.

With much that gives comfort and happiness, it has depths of misery which no plummet can sound.

But here we are in it from no choice of our own, and the great question is how to make it happier and better.

Many give time and money in the hospitals and elsewhere to the sick and suffering.

Many care for the insane, the aged, the feeble-minded, and the poor.

But while we recognize the importance of all these, it seems to us that nothing can be more important than to *more humanely educate the coming generations for the alleviation of every form of suffering, and the prevention of every form of cruelty and crime.*

That is the mission of our "American Humane Education Society," first organization of its kind in this country or the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE EARL OF HARROWBY.

No man in England impressed us as more deserving the name of noble-man than the Earl of Harrowby, President of the Royal Society P. C. A.

We shall never forget an interview when we were urging upon him the formation of "The Ladies' Humane Educational Committee of Great Britain."

He said it was a good thing, but would have to be postponed until next season "because everybody was going out of town," (forgetting for the moment the four or five millions that would be left).

We thought a moment and said, "I have only one suggestion to make to your lordship.

Your lordship (he was then over 70) is alive today—Miss Burdett-Coutts (since Baroness) is alive to-day—I am alive to-day.

Six months from now we may all be dead and buried."

His lordship thought and replied, "It shall be formed now"—and it was formed, and has been doing its great work ever since.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A KIND CHRISTMAS LETTER.

"As Christmas comes near I send you check of one hundred dollars to aid the great work of the Society that you so faithfully represent. Accept our best wishes, in which both of us unite."



THE POET WHITTIER'S HOME AT AMESBURY, MASS.

[From "Every Other Sunday."]

FOOTBALL.

(From the New York Herald of Nov. 5th.)
 Five deaths and scores of serious injuries, with the "big" games still to be heard from, are the record of football so far this season. Besides two have recently died as the result of injuries received in football games in former seasons.

THAT ARMY AND NAVY FOOT-BALL FIGHT.

It seems that the foot-ball fight at Philadelphia, on Nov. 29, between West Point and Annapolis, resulted in a victory for West Point.

Various prominent army and navy officers were there, though the president and his cabinet did not appear [as they did a year ago.] As these young men are being trained to fight and kill whenever, wherever and whoever they may be ordered by their superior officers to fight and kill, foot-ball fights, prize fights, and all other kinds of fights would seem to be an appropriate part of their education.

In the present condition of our civilization it may be necessary for a part of our population to be trained in our military and naval schools and paid to kill human beings, as it is for others to be trained and paid in our abattoirs to kill animals, and it is perhaps as necessary that both be familiarized and hardened to sights of blood and suffering.

But the Boers fought well without such training.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A BEAUTIFUL HORSE RUINED.

"There is as pretty an animal of his class as can be found—if he was all there. I hope that there will come a time when the legislature of the State of New York, and, for that matter, of every State in the Union, will pass a law making it a penal offence for any one to disfigure his horse in this most brutal way. It pleases, perhaps, about a couple of hundred Angloamericans who drive in Central Park, and displeases the humane and patriotic sentiment of 60,000,000 of the American people."

PROF. GLEASON.

President Roosevelt will not have a docked horse.

WE DEEPLY REGRET.

We deeply regret to learn, from Mr. C. A. Snow, President of the Washington Humane Society, that a bill is before Congress, asking that cattle shall be permitted to be kept on cars, without food or water, forty hours, instead of the twenty-eight now provided by law. It is not necessary for us to say that twenty-eight hours is far too long to keep these animals under peculiar hardships without food or water, and that to increase that time to forty hours will enormously increase their suffering.

Our paper is sent every month to every member of Congress, and we hope that every humane member of Congress will vote against that law and we hope that President Roosevelt will use his influence to prevent its passage. All suffering of animals just before death makes their meats more or less poisonous.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FROM PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE.

"Provision should be made to enable the Secretary of War to keep cavalry and artillery horses, worn-out in long performance of duty. Such horses fetch but a trifling price when sold; and rather than turn them out to the misery awaiting them when thus disposed of, it would be better to employ them at light work around the posts, and when necessary to put them painlessly to death."

FOR THE PROTECTION OF PIGEONS.

We are glad to learn from one of our most respected judges, this morning, that the snaring or shooting of pigeons is a criminal offence, under Rev. Laws, Chap. 92, Sec. 7.

FIREPROOF ELECTRIC CARS.

In our last number we respectfully asked the editors of the about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines, who receive our paper every month, to call public attention to the danger of riding in electric cars [not fireproof] on elevated roads and in subways. Since then we have obtained from *The Scientific American* the article in question, which appeared in its edition of July 26, 1902, and do not feel that we have discharged our duty to the public without again calling attention to this important subject. It seems that Mr. George Westinghouse, so widely known to all railroad authorities, has, in a letter to one of the New York daily papers, warned the public, referring to a disaster to the Liverpool Elevated Railroad, in which a whole train was quickly burned at a point on the line where the road passed from an elevated into a subway structure. It was only by the sheerest good luck that any of the inmates of the train escaped, as the fire, once started, swept through the train with great rapidity.

On street railway cars, recently, there has been something of an epidemic of burned-out fuses which have set fire to cars with more or less serious results, and in one case on the Manhattan Elevated Railroad a three-car train caught fire and was completely and quickly consumed, though fortunately without loss of life for the reason that the train was not in active service.

Mr. Westinghouse adds: that the breaking out of fire on an electric train on an elevated road is likely to result in an awful catastrophe. Should it occur between stations, and be accompanied by a complete disablement of the motive power so that the train is halted between stations, the passengers would be shut up in a veritable fire-trap, the only escape from which would be the doubtful expedient of leaping to the street below. If the danger due to the isolation of the train would be great on an elevated road, it is even greater in a subway tunnel, particularly if it happens to be a single track, for in this case there would be the added horrors of asphyxiation by the heavy fumes given off by the burning.

[After reading this article we certainly feel that the cars on our elevated and subway roads should be made fireproof. We certainly would not like to be stopped on an elevated road in a burning car, and if in passing through the subway from East Boston to this city we should be stopped half way under Boston harbor we should certainly feel more safe if we knew the cars employed were fireproof. Another point which occurs to us as important is that the *live rails*, which no one can touch without being instantly killed, should be painted red, so that every one may be able to quickly distinguish between them and the other rails.]

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CONGRESSMAN GARDNER.

We are sorry that our new Essex County Congressman's first speech and vote were against a law to prevent the adulteration of foods.

Many years ago we gave hundreds of dollars in money and thousands in time to investigating, publishing and putting before Congress evidence on this important subject.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PATE DE FOIE GRAS.

In the *Boston Herald* of Nov. 29th, taken from the *New York Herald*, we see that a settlement of Bohemians in Watertown, Wis., have commenced supplying the New York market with pate de foie gras. The geese are nailed by their feet to the floors of wooden cages in dark, warm rooms and in a few weeks the bodies of these tortured fowls are distended like pumpkins, so that their livers frequently weigh from one and a half to two pounds.

In October and November, 1879, we did a lot of very hard work, and spent out of our own pocket considerable money to aid the formation, at Milwaukee, of the Wisconsin Humane Society. We shall feel richly rewarded if that Society will drive out from the State of Wisconsin this devilish business. If it shows its head in Massachusetts we think our humane judges will soon place all who are engaged in it where they rightfully belong. We may not be able to nail their feet to the floors of wooden cages, but we can shut them up in our jails and houses of correction.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR BOSTON POLICE.

In our December paper we gave a beautiful cut of a parade of our Boston police, and told how our paper is sent every month to every member of our police and that all their stations are supplied with bound volumes of our publications;—that they are all good friends to us and we could not better express our feelings in regard to them than by repeating what we had the pleasure of saying to *eight hundred men and thirty-two officers* of the Philadelphia police, in one of the large halls of that city, at the presentation of certain gold medals some years ago—"that we only wished we had a whole trunk full of gold medals and could present one to every man on the force, for it seemed to us that if any men are entitled to gold medals it is those who are liable to be called on at any hour of the day or night to risk their lives in protecting the lives and property of their fellow-citizens."

We are glad to see in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of December 8th, that policeman Irwin, of the force, saved the lives of seven persons last night from asphyxiation at 38 Worcester Sq., being obliged to break down doors and run considerable personal risk of being asphyxiated himself. This is only one of many cases in which our police are constantly called upon by night and day to risk their lives in defence of the lives and property of their fellow-citizens.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

The subject was a pony standing in the gutter, with its blanket blown down on the buggy shaft and a cold north wind blowing. Man after man passed looking at the pony, some even turning around to look back at the helpless animal, but doing nothing. By-and-by the man looking for opportunities, the good Samaritan, came and carefully placed the blanket on the horse, taking pains to so arrange it that the wind could not well blow it off again.

Christ fed the multitude first, and then preached to them. Some of His modern disciples think it better to shoot them.

FROM ONE OF NEW YORK'S MOST PROMINENT LADIES.

MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, Dec. 1st, 1902.

My Dear Mr. Angell:

It gives me pleasure to send enclosed check for two hundred dollars, asking that one hundred be used towards the work of the American Humane Education Society in the Philippines or Cuba, and the remaining one hundred dollars as an additional gift towards the proposed building in Boston.

With best wishes, yours very sincerely,

C. P. S.

SULPHUR, COLD AND GRIPPE.

We have been assured by various people that sulphur worn in the stockings, or a small bag of it hung around the neck has been found to protect from colds and the gripe.

Some years ago when the gripe was widely prevailing in Boston, we found that at Byams' match factory, where fifty girls and ten men were then employed, *not one had the gripe*. The bookkeeper employed there was the *only one of a family of eleven* who escaped the disease.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CRUELTY TO COWS.

THEY NEED EXERCISE IN WINTER AS WELL AS IN SUMMER.

Men may regard cattle as mere machines, but the fact remains that they are of a sensitive organization, capable of suffering and enjoyment, and that to a degree too often lost sight of. The idea that it is just as well for a cow, either in point of comfort or health, to be tied up six months with no exercise, is contrary to all physiological teaching; and that nutritious food, light and exercise are necessary to the maintenance of health and a full development. Give cows chance to go out in the sunlight of the warm days in the winter, and see how quickly they go and see the real enjoyment depicted on their expressive faces. Even though the milk flow may be somewhat lessened, will not what's lost in quantity be made up in quality? At any rate I am sure I would much rather eat dairy products of strong, healthy cows than that of those weakened and enervated by close confinement and unnatural food, such as would be an exclusive diet of corn meal. It is not necessary, in order to give them a little exercise and sunlight to range over an extensive area. Let them out in an ordinary-sized yard and they will not do traveling sufficient to waste any great amount of energy.—*Farm, Stock and Home*.

THE SNOWBIRDS.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

In the rosy light trills the gay swallow,

The thrush in the roses below;

The meadow-lark sings in the meadow,

But the snowbird sings in the snow;

Ah, me! Chickadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow.

The blue marten trills in the gable,

The wren in the gourd below;

In the elm chatters the blue-jay,

But the snowbird sings in the snow;

Ah, me! Chickadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow.

High wheels the grey wing of the osprey;

The wing of the sparrow drops low;

In the midst dips the wing of the robin,

And the snowbird's wing in the snow.

Ah, me! Chickadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow.

I love the high heart of the osprey;

The meek heart of the thrush below;

The heart of the lark in the meadow,

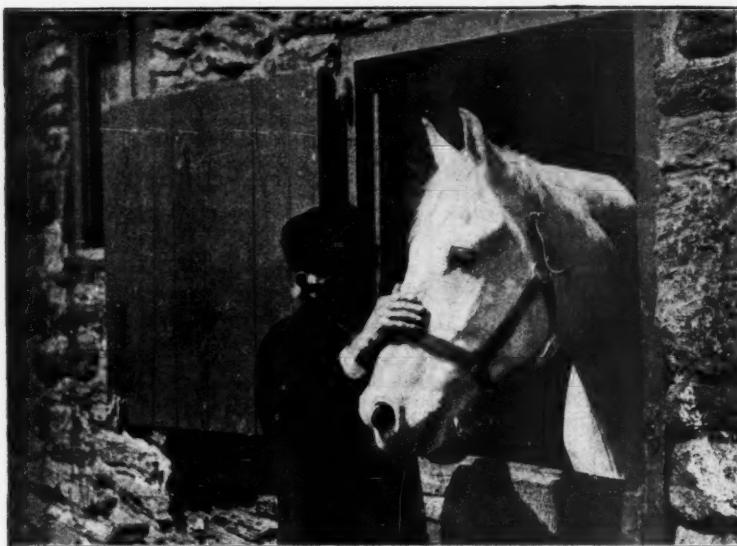
And the snowbird's heart in the snow;

But dearer to me, Chickadee!

Is that true little heart in the snow.

"How can I teach your children gentleness, And mercy to the weak, and reverence For Life, which, in its weakness or excess, Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence."

LONGFELLOW.



GOOD FRIENDS.



AN ATTENTIVE AUDIENCE.

[From "Woman's Home Companion," Springfield, Ohio, and "Morning Sentinel," Amsterdam, New York.]

**FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE
WASHINGTON (D.C.) HUMANE
SOCIETY.**

A very pretty story, illustrating the intelligence of animals, was related to me the other day by Mrs. W. G. Sprague, a member of our Society.

Mrs. Sprague is very fond of horses and has a habit of stopping and speaking to any animal that happens to catch her fancy. A few days ago she stopped to stroke a particularly intelligent-looking bay horse, and as the owner came up at that moment, Mrs. Sprague said: "I was just admiring your horse." "Yes," said the man, "he is a fine animal, and I would not take one hundred thousand dollars for him. Do you know what that horse did? Well, about a month ago he was standing in front of my residence when my little son, a tot of about four years, strayed out of the house and into the street. Just as he reached the curb and started out into the roadway a fire engine came around the corner on the way to a fire, and came up the street toward the child at full speed. The horse evidently appreciated the danger for he reached out and gripped the child by the dress between the shoulders and lifted him back to the pavement."

It may be mentioned in connection with this story that the horse in question did not have his head tied back with a tight overhead check or he would never have been able to save the child. HERBERT E. MARTYN.

(From New York Herald.)

**EXPECTS TO LIVE TWO HUNDRED
YEARS.**

**NOW ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN—THE EFFICACY
OF SUN BATHS.**

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., March 11 (Special).—Andrew Joseph Thompson, of Santa Rosa, Cal., 113 years old, arrived at Weyerhaeuser this morning to attend the marriage of his great-granddaughter, Irene Tibbils. Mr. Thompson has false teeth, and his hair is nearly all gone, but he is active and bright-eyed. He said last night at the station here he expected to live a couple of hundred years in comparative comfort. He continued:

In the first place, I refuse to be worried about anything. Since I ceased active business, about sixty

years ago, I have never let a day pass when the sun shone without baring my body to its rays for one or two hours. On my place in California I have an enclosed space where I go as naked as God made me. There is a little lake and some woodland and a rose garden, and during the time of my sun bath I ramble about through the paths. The sun sinks into my old bones and gives them new life. My skin is as brown as an Indian's all over. It has been that way even since I began this practice of sun bathing. For cold weather I have a glass house at the top of my residence comfortably fixed up, and there I take my bath through the windows when compelled so to do.

[We have no doubt of the great value of sun baths both for human beings and dumb animals.]

DOES IT PAY TO BE A MILLIONAIRE?

IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE.

How many times I have wondered
How life would seem, dear heart,
If from our modest dwelling
Stern Poverty should depart;
If the cottage became a castle
Furnished with treasures rare,
And we had everything that we'd have
If I were a millionaire!

Suppose, dear, a stately butler
Awaited your every sign;
And the water upon the table
Should change to a sparkling wine;
Suppose that a dainty pheasant
Replaced our now humble fare,
And the table groaned with the things we'd have
If I were a millionaire.

Suppose that our stables sheltered
Full many a well groomed steed;
That you rode in your Vic in comfort,
Or hunted o'er field and mead;
Suppose that each day brought nothing
Of worry and trial and care,
As we've often thought the days would be
If I were a millionaire.

Would the logs in the hearth burn brighter
Than those chips in our tiny grate?
Would the feeling of home be stronger
If dinner were served in state?
Would a spin in your Vic be better
Than our walks in the twilight rare?
Would the love in our hearts be greater
If I were a millionaire?

Would we be more to each other
If trouble were swept away?
Would the sun in the west glow softer
Than now, at the close of day?
Life is but a mighty heart-throb,
And the love that makes life fair
Would be no greater and truer, dear,
If I were a millionaire!

Colorado Springs Gazette.

A HINT TO CLERGYMEN.

Some years ago we were invited by the evangelist, D. L. Moody, to take a seat in his carriage for a drive around Northfield, and in the course of the conversation, he said:

"What a pity, Mr. Angell, that I could not have had, as you did, a college education."

Our reply was: "If you had received a college education, the chances are you would never have had a tenth part of the influence you now have. You would have gotten your head full of long dictionary words of Greek and Latin derivation, and talked to your audience in a language which nine-tenths of them could not understand."

This incident is brought to mind by the prayer and sermon in a country church we once listened to.

In the prayer the clergyman asked the Lord to enable us to do our duties not in a perfunctory manner.

In the sermon he spoke of ethics and economics, encyclopedic man, speculative orthodoxy, psychology, isosceles triangle, unifying force from the great Universal Self, elaborate scheme of social organization, Antinous and Apollo, complex realism, sociological expansion, the old skeleton of a defunct philosophy, etc., etc.—all of which, while doubtless intelligent to the Lord, was an unknown language to nine-tenths of the congregation.

We contrasted it with the plain talk of Christ and the Apostles, "Christ and Him Crucified," and "Our Father who art in Heaven."

We do not presume to tell clergymen how to preach the gospel, but as our paper goes to every clergymen in the State, we think there can be no harm in telling them how this matter strikes us.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Sermons in every Catholic and Protestant pulpit—prayers in every Catholic and Protestant church, and in great union prayer meetings of all Protestant churches in every city and town—petitions signed by all Catholic and Protestant clergymen and church members for settlement by arbitration—will stop every war between Christian nations.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

The readers of *Our Dumb Animals* get for its small subscription price not only all the reading matter it contains, but every year between seventy and eighty carefully selected humane pictures, some of which alone are worth for their influence on children and others more than the cost of the paper.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, January, 1903.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report six hundred and fifty-two new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of fifty-two thousand three hundred and ninety-five.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY AND MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. TO ANIMALS.

At the December meeting of the Directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 17th ult., President Angell reported that the Society's Agents during the last month had examined in the investigation of complaints 2311 cases, taken 90 horses from work, and mercifully killed 96 horses and other animals.

652 new "Bands of Mercy" had been formed during the month, making a total of 52,395.

Under will of Dr. E. A. W. Harlow, of Quincy, two thousand dollars is given to our Mass. Society.

THE CITY OF BOSTON.

The city of Boston alone has, we think, about 1400 policemen to protect human beings, and in what may be properly considered "The Greater Boston" there are probably something like 2000. We have just eight paid officers to protect the dumb animals of the whole State of Massachusetts. But in sending out widespread this paper and *Black Beauty* and our various humane publications, and forming "Bands of Mercy" in the schools in every town, we are trying to build up a humane sentiment which will give us sooner or later forty paid agents or more, instead of eight.

OUR "HUMANE BUILDING."

It is suggested that our proposed new building shall be named "The Humane Building"—that in the most prominent part of it shall be inscribed the names of its givers and the objects for which it is erected: "Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature."

50,000 CANVASSERS FOR "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

We want a million subscribers for "Our Dumb Animals."

To do this we would be glad to have at once fifty thousand boys and girls or older persons act as canvassers—each canvasser to retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription. Thus for four subscriptions the canvasser will retain for him or herself \$1—for twenty, \$5—for two hundred, \$50—for two thousand, \$500.

On reception of the names and post-office addresses of subscribers and the one-half subsciptions we will send the papers postpaid for one year.

Here is a chance for thousands of boys and girls and older persons to get money themselves and do a grand work for humanity.

We want each clergyman, physician, lawyer, school superintendent, postmaster and editor in Massachusetts, all of whom receive our paper every month and know how it has won the praise of good and humane people throughout the country, to arrange with some boy, girl, or elder person to canvass for it.

We shall not make personally a single dollar from all these subscribers, because the paper will cost us all that we get from it, and more.

But we want to put it not only into every city and town in our country, but also into every school, and we want to do it now, at the earliest possible moment.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Boys," said the professor, "when I am endeavoring to explain to you the peculiarities of the monkey I wish you to look straight at me."

DON'T TRY TO CHEAT A LAWYER.

A young lawyer, just starting in his profession, hung out his sign in a Connecticut town where there was only one other lawyer, an aged judge.

A close-fisted old fellow, thinking to get legal advice for nothing, called upon the young man, told him he was very glad he had come into the town, as the old judge was getting superannuated, and then contrived in a sort of neighborly talk to get some legal questions answered. Then thanking the young man, he put on his hat and was about to leave, when the young man asked him if he should charge the advice, for which the fee was five dollars. The old fellow went into a violent passion, and swore he never would pay. The young lawyer told him he would sue him if he didn't.

So the old fellow went down to see the judge, found him hoeing in his garden, and said:

"That young scamp that's just come into town! I dropped in to make a neighborly call on him, and he charges me five dollars for legal advice."

"Served you right," said the judge; "you had no business to have gone to him."

"But have I got to pay it, judge?"

"Of course you have."

"Well, then," said the man, "I suppose I must," and he started off.

"Hold on!" said the judge; "aren't you going to pay me?"

"Pay you? What for?"

"For legal advice."

"What do you charge?"

"Ten dollars."

The result was that the old fellow had to pay five dollars to the young lawyer and ten dollars to the old one.

Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.

A WELCOME ANONYMOUS LETTER.

Vice-President Hill, who kindly reads all our letters every morning, and then submits to us those which seem to him to require personal attention, seldom makes any mention of annoying anonymous letters which are almost sure to come from people who never gave a sixpence in their lives for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

But at our request he hands us one this morning purporting to come from "a gentleman" who suggests that we had better not meddle with "gentlemen," and intimates that it is about time for us to be turned out of the work to which we have given so large a portion of our life without pecuniary compensation, and thousands of dollars in money, a work which, starting in Boston, is reaching through its over *five thousand* "Bands of Mercy," and millions on millions of humane publications, in our own and foreign languages, not only over our whole country but to some extent around the world—a work of whose magnitude, magnificence, and far-reaching power, and influence for good, the writer of this letter has probably no more conception than an Apache Indian has of St. Peter's at Rome.

We remember saying some years ago to an aged Judge of our Supreme Judicial Court that they were garroting people in the streets at night, and that he ought to be careful when going out after dark.

His reply was, "If anybody can catch me outside of my house after dark they are at perfect liberty to garrote me."

So we say if anybody can catch us hesitating to attack any man or class of men who are clearly violating the laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals, no matter how rich or influential they may be, we will cheerfully consent to let anybody garrote us.

We thank our anonymous correspondent for his letter, and while we are not a betting man would be willing to bet something on each of these propositions:

(1st) That the writer of this letter is liable to-day to a criminal prosecution and imprisonment for causing one or more of his horses to be mutilated for life.

(2d). That he would be glad to abolish not only the President but the Society.

And (3d). That there is about as much chance of his doing either as there is of his being elected President of the United States, or in his present sinful condition getting into the Kingdom of Heaven.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Blessed are the merciful."



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,
Secretary.

Over fifty-two thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. F. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also without cost, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3.—Readings. 4.—Angell Prize Contest Recitations.

"Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6.—Enrollment of new members.

7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

"THE CATTLE ON A THOUSAND HILLS ARE HIS."

We wonder whether farmers who abuse cattle ever think of what the Bible says about them — dark and badly ventilated stables — poor and insufficient food — solitary confinement — heavy yokes, goads and whippings — prizes at agricultural fairs to the men who, by whipping and goading, can compel their oxen to draw the heaviest loads — no prize should ever be given to be won by whipping or goading — calves taken from the mothers when too young.

There is terrible need of humane education even among so-called Christian farmers, as all who read our prize story, "The Strike at Shane's," will realize. Every farmer in America ought to read that book.

We wish we had the means to give away at agricultural fairs and elsewhere a hundred thousand copies.

A DESIRE TO KILL.

The Rev. E. H. Hiscox, of Saratoga, writing to *The Peacemaker* of a prominent citizen, says "he seems to have an insatiable desire to kill something. He seems to feel that his mission on earth is to kill something."

A KIND INTRODUCTION.

Did the reader ever see a dog perform the ceremony of introducing a human friend? The Listener himself has seen the thing done, in a way, but never so plainly and prettily as a friend of his lately witnessed it—the friend himself being the introduced "party." The friend—call him Mr. J.—lives in Roxbury. For a near neighbor he has a man who keeps a carriage and also fine setter dog. Mr. J. does not enjoy the acquaintance of the neighbor, but has come to be on excellent terms of friendship with the dog. Every day Mr. J.—sallies forth at about the same hour. Every day he meets the dog, whose salutations have gradually passed from mere friendly formalities to affectionate greetings. Yesterday, as Mr. J.—came out of his house, he found the dog—who always, when the carriage starts, goes circling about the horses' head, barking with joy—waiting for him. The carriage, with the horse attached, stood waiting for its occupant. The dog at once came bounding up to J.—, and then went bounding back to the horse. He licked the horse on the nose, and came back to J.— again, and again returned to the horse, evidently laboring under the stress of something that he wanted to say or do. It was quite plain, in fact, that he was doing his best to introduce the man to the horse, and make them friends too. So J.—, whose big heart can include horses as well as dogs, yielded; he went up to the horse and patted its head and rubbed its nose. And then the dog's satisfaction and gayety were simply inexpressible. He gyrated about until it seemed as if he were in danger of swallowing his own tail; and his affection both for the man and for the horse was plainly greatly increased by the consciousness that now they knew each other.

It is astonishing, gentle reader, what a great deal of the joy of life a liking for animals will let us into.

LISSTNER, in Boston Transcript.



FROM "DORIS AND HER DOG RODNEY."

[By Lily F. Wesselhoeft. Published by Little, Brown & Co.]

THE LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

Every one who has heard a dog or a horse welcome its master with exclamations of joy, or a cat plaintively mewing for its food, ought to believe that animals can talk. The dog has different sounds to express hunger, pain, joy, sorrow, thanks and fear. Birds have different songs and notes to express their feelings. We recognize their songs of victory and of love, as well as the notes of anger and fear. It is evident that these notes are understood, not only within the limits of one species, but among other birds; for different tribes often make a common cause of joy and battle. Monkeys express their passions, fears and desires by various cries and gestures. Some of the most uncivilized languages are but little richer than theirs. Abbott tells us that crows have twenty-seven distinct cries or utterances. Many scientists believe that certain sounds made by fishes are for the purpose of expressing their feelings. It is clear to the careful observer that language is universal wherever there is sensation, and all animal life, more or less inter-communicative.

New Orleans Picayune.

DELICATE REPLY.

We doubt, says the *Saturday Evening Post*, if any French mot or repartee ever surpassed in delicacy the reply made by an East Indian servant of Lord Dufferin, when he was Viceroy of India. "Well, what sort of sport has Lord — had?" said Dufferin one day to his "shikarry," or sporting servant, who had attended a young English Lord on a shooting excursion. "Oh!" replied the scrupulously polite Hindoo, "the young Sahib shot divinely but God was very merciful to the birds."—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

J.—"What is the matter with C.'s new typewriter?"

S—"She is troubled with bad spells."

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful *sterling* silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

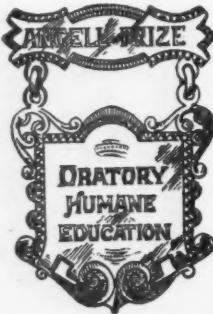
(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.



OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty,'"—*Boston Courier*.

"Charming told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."—*Boston Ideas*.

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."—*Gloucester Breeze*.

"FOR PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

In past numbers of our paper we have said that various friends had given us donations to aid in gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which every one reads with pleasure, and having read, wants every one else to read. We are sorry to add that the fund given for its distribution is now exhausted, but to those who wish to buy it the price for our edition [which we sell at bare cost] is ten cents per copy, post-paid, and the cloth-bound edition we are kindly permitted by its author, Mrs. Carter, to sell at sixty cents, or post-paid seventy cents per copy.

"*The Humane Horse Book*," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdic or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk — even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1.) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.

(2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.

(3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

(4.) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

(Written for Our Dumb Animals.)

CAT-LIFE.

Dozing, and dozing, and dozing !
Pleasant enough,
Dreaming of sweat cream and mouse-meat,—
Delicate stuff !

Of raids on the pantry and hen-coop,
Or light, stealthy tread
Of cat-gossips, meeting by moonlight
On a ridge-pole or shed.—

Waked by a somerset, whirling
From cushion to floor ;
Waked to a wild rush for safety
From window to door.

Waking to hands that first smooth us,
And then pull our tails ;
Punished with slaps when we show them
The length of our nails !

These big mortal tyrants even grudge us
A place on the mat.
Do they think we enjoy for our music
Staccatoes of "scat?"

What in the world were we made for ?
Man, do you know ?
By you to be petted, tormented ?—
Are you friend or foe ?

To be treated, now, just as you treat us,—
The question is pat,—
To take just our chances of living,
Would you be a cat ?

LUCY LARCOM.

A CAT TALE.

WARRANTED TRUE BY ONE OF OUR GOOD FRIENDS,
MISS JULIET A. COOK.

"I CAN TRUST YOU."

A cat that had several times been deprived of her kittens hid a litter of them in my aunt's barn. Cries could be heard from some quarter, but the kittens could not be found.

Between their mother and the family cat was a feud of long standing; and for this reason my uncle and the maid used to drive the mother away. My aunt never did so.

Pussy learned, at length, to make for the door when she heard footsteps, and also to look behind her. If she saw my aunt's face she turned back.

One day auntie said to her, "Old cat, where do you keep your kittens? I haven't seen them yet." Immediately she went to the woodpile and called, and out came all the babies for inspection.

SIMON GRUB'S DREAM.

I should not wonder if the following poem, written for our "American Humane Education Society," should be read as widely as "Black Beauty," and be recited as often in schools and Sunday schools as "Ben Hazzard's Guests." It is another chapter of the gospel of humanity to God's lower creatures.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(Copyrighted by the "American Humane Education Society," 1890, and all rights were reserved, but we now authorize everybody to publish it, giving due credit to our "American Humane Education Society.")

The text was this: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to these ye have done it to me." Soon Simon slept, for 'twas sultry weather, And the dream and the sermon went on together.

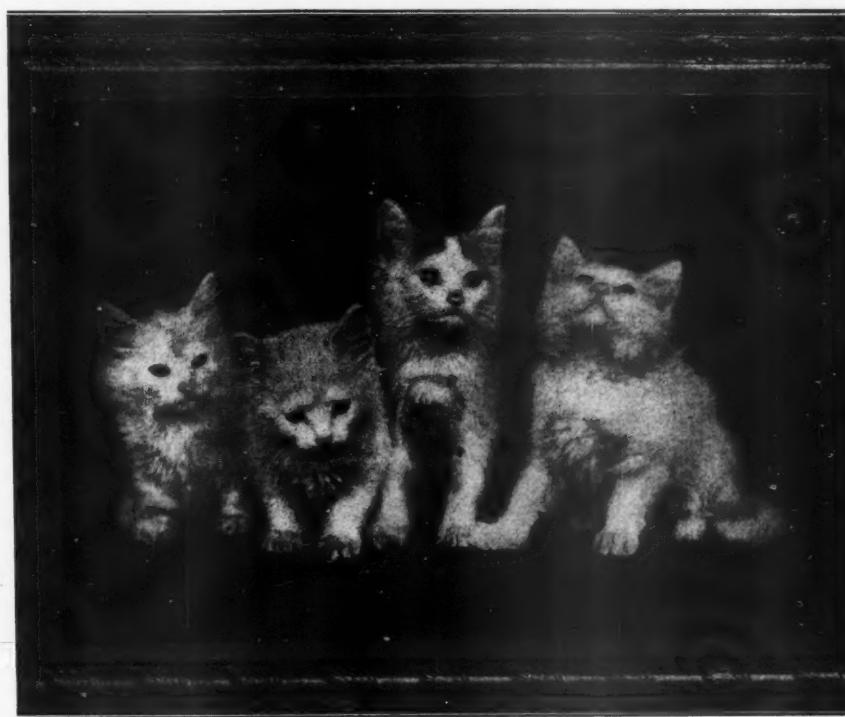
He dreamed that he died and stood at the gate Of the outer court where the angels wait For those who hear the glad "well done," And can enter the realms of the Holy One.

While Simon waited and wondered if he Had forgotten the password or lost the key, A voice above him said, loud and clear, "Do you know you must bring your witnesses here?"

"Of witnesses there are many," said he; "My brethren and neighbors will all speak for me." But the brethren and neighbors came not near, And he heard only a whinny, familiar and clear;

And old Grayfoot, the horse, stood just at his right, While around on the other side, just coming in sight, Was a crowd of dumb creatures so forlorn and so poor

That the angel wept as he opened the door.



[From "The Cat Journal," Palmyra, New York.]

Then Simon grew pale and, trembling with fear,
Said, "O why are not some of the brethren here ?
Pray wait, pray wait, they'll surely come."
'Twas Grayfoot that spoke then, and Simon was dumb.

"On wintry nights I've stood in my stall
When the cold winds blew through the cracks in the wall,
Till every joint and sinew and bone
Seemed frozen and dead as the coldest stone.
I've shivered the dreary time away
With only some wisps of the poorest hay;
Then put to work with shout and blow,
So hungry and faint I could scarcely go."

Then old Brindie came, and with soft brown eyes
Fixed on her master in sad surprise,
Told a pitiful tale of starvation and cold,
And how he had sold her food for gold.

The poor sheep told their story too
Of bitter wrongs their whole life through;
Turned out in cold and stormy weather
To starve and freeze and cry together.

They were lowly cries, but they turned to prayer,
And floating upward had rested there,
Close by the ear of Him who says
"I will hear the cries of my poor always."

The old house dog, though treated ill,
Came near and fawned on his master still,
Because the love these dumb things know
Is more than human, more faithful, more true.

Then conscience woke, like some torpid thing
That is brought to life by the sun in spring,
And it lashed and stung him like poisoned thongs,
As memory brought him his train of wrongs,
Forgetting nothing of word or deed,
Of cruel blows or selfish greed.

His cruelly-treated friends that were dumb,
Would they follow him on through the ages to come?
Must he see them forever gaunt, hungry and cold ?
For "Time and eternity never grow old."

How oft in dumb pleading they'd asked a caress
From his hands that had beaten and starved them !
Ah, yes,

He remembered it all, and it stung him to know

That the love they had craved had been met only

With blow.

O could he live over the life that was past,
And leave out his sins, to stand here at last

With a soul that was white for a happier fate :

Was it conscience that whispered, "Too late, too late!"
He'd cruelly passed over life's narrowing track,

Till remorse claimed its own,—for that never turns back :

And sins scarce remembered, remembered too late,
Grew black as he saw them from heaven's barred gate.

"Twas in vain that he strove to speak to say
Those sweet old words, "Forgive, I pray;"
Sin's last sad cry : he was silent there;
He was dumb, with such woful need of prayer.

Then voices seemed floating on every breeze :
"Ye did it to these, ye did it to these."
Go hence, be homeless, go starve and freeze :
"Ye did it to these, ye did it to these."

"And when you are faint and weary with woe
You will still hear the shout, you will still feel the blow,
While a voice from which you shall never be free
Will whisper beside you, "Ye did it to me!"

But hark ! What melody over him rolls ?
Do the angels sing requiems over lost souls ?
His last hope had fled. In an agony new
He awoke,—to find himself safe in his pew.
What his dumb friends thought none ever knew
When food was plenty and blows were few,
But the teacher who follows us ever it seems
Gives his strongest lessons sometimes in dreams.

Remember, dear friends, that the lips that are dumb
May be those that will speak when our time shall come
To stand at the entrance, and watch and wait
For the angel to open or close the gate.

DOES IT PAY FINANCIALLY?

Does it pay financially, Mr. Angell, to send your paper without charge to so many thousand clergymen and doctors ?

Answer.—Yes, [saying nothing of how it pays in other ways] it does pay financially.

We have received many gifts from clergymen, both Catholic and Protestant, and from one aged doctor twenty thousand dollars, on condition that we pay him four per cent. during the remainder of his life. We see by to-day's mail that Dr. Harlow, of Quincy, has left us two thousand dollars.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?
I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

About six hundred new "Bands of Mercy" have not yet been published in our paper. We publish this month about two hundred and fifty of them and the rest will appear in our February or March issue.

New Bands of Mercy.

- 51744 *Abingdon, Va.*
The Miss Catherine Hunt Band.
P., Miss M. T. Campbell.
- 51745 *Albion, Pa.*
Columbia Band.
P., Miss Elsie A. Limber.
- 51746 *Dayton, Ohio.*
Scholars Humane Society Band.
P., Alice M. Beachem.
- 51747 *Washington, D. C.*
Maury School Band No. 1.
P., Miss Mary G. Kelly.
- 51748 Maury School Band No. 2.
P., Miss Mary L. Packard.
- 51749 Maury School Band No. 3.
P., Miss Margaret H. Wasey.
- 51750 Maury School Band No. 4.
P., Miss M. L. Stephens.
- 51751 Maury School Band No. 5.
P., Miss S. Goodman.
- 51752 Maury School Band No. 6.
P., Miss W. Willenbucher.
- 51753 Maury School Band No. 7.
P., Miss M. Weide.
- 51754 Maury School Band No. 8.
P., Miss M. H. Hall.
- 51755 Maury School Band No. 9.
P., Miss Mary Muckenhardt.
- 51756 Maury School Band No. 10.
P., Miss Lillian I. Tolson.
- 51757 Maury School Band No. 11.
P., Miss Marie L. Sander-
- 51758 Lenox School.
Lenox Band No. 1.
P., Miss Mary E. Kealey,
Prin.
- 51759 Lenox Band No. 2.
P., Miss M. E. Armistead.
- 51760 Lenox Band No. 3.
P., Miss Margaret E. Forbes.
- 51761 Lenox Band No. 4.
P., Miss Sadie L. Yoekel.
- 51762 Lenox Band No. 5.
P., Miss Lulu McNally.
- 51763 Lenox Band No. 6.
P., Miss Abbie M. Coultry.
- 51764 Lenox Band No. 7.
P., Miss Maude R. Burbank.
- 51765 Lenox Band No. 8.
P., Miss Margaret E. Wetzel.
- 51766 Lenox Band No. 9.
P., Miss L. H. Wright.
- 51767 Hilton School.
Hilton Band No. 1.
P., Miss J. M. Rawlings,
- 51768 Hilton Band No. 2.
P., Miss S. J. Kealey.
- 51769 Hilton Band No. 3.
P., Miss Florence Hopkins.
- 51770 Hilton Band No. 4.
P., Miss Marie A. Kuhnel.
- 51771 Hilton Band No. 5.
P., Miss Rose G. Carragher.
- 51772 Hilton Band No. 6.
P., Miss Emma Louise Smith.
- 51773 Hilton Band No. 7.
P., Miss Sara West.
- 51774 Hilton Band No. 8.
P., Miss Bertha A. Yoder.
- 51775 Hilton Band No. 9.
P., Miss Mary Ellen Whelpley.
- 51776 Hilton Band No. 10.
P., Miss Beulah E. Bohrer.
- 51777 Brent School.
Brent Band No. 1.
P., Miss A. L. Grant, Prin.
- 51778 Brent Band No. 2.
P., Miss Mary E. Stockett.
- 51779 Brent Band No. 3.
P., Miss Isa W. Vanderwerker.
- 51780 Brent Band No. 4.
P., Miss Ada C. Hyam.
- 51781 Brent Band No. 5.
P., Miss A. A. Hinkel.
- 51782 Brent Band No. 6.
P., Miss F. W. Potter.
- 51783 Brent Band No. 7.
P., Miss M. O. White.
- 51784 Brent Band No. 8.
P., Miss Mary P. Bradshaw.
- 51785 Brent Band No. 9.
P., Miss Bessie M. Harrison.
- 51786 Dent School.
Dent Band No. 1.
P., Miss M. A. McNantz, Prin.
- 51787 Dent Band No. 2.
P., Miss E. V. Snowden.
- 51788 Dent Band No. 3.
P., Miss C. S. Willenbucher.
- 51789 Dent Band No. 4.
P., Miss L. L. Randall.
- 51790 Dent Band No. 5.
P., Miss M. M. Myers.
- 51791 Dent Band No. 6.
P., Miss M. D. Davies.
- 51792 Dent Band No. 7.
P., Miss M. Metzel.
- 51793 Dent Band No. 8.
P., Miss J. E. Brown.
- 51794 Dent Band No. 9.
P., Miss S. Rielman.
- 51795 *Indianapolis, Indiana.*
School No. 22.
Band No. 1.
P., Martha Hill.
- 51796 Band No. 2.
P., Miss Duffy.
- 51797 Band No. 3.
P., Miss Miller.
- 51798 Band No. 4.
P., Miss Sweet.
- 51799 Band No. 5.
P., Miss Coyle.
- 51800 Band No. 6.
P., Miss Lindley.
- 51801 Band No. 7.
P., Miss Loder.
- 51802 Band No. 8.
P., Miss Rabb.
- 51803 School No. 23.
Band No. 1.
P., Miss Mary E. Wilson.
- 51804 Band No. 2.
P., E. C. Roberts.
- 51805 Band No. 3.
P., M. E. Cable.
- 51806 Band No. 4.
P., W. A. Thomas.
- 51807 Band No. 5.
P., Miss Keene.
- 51808 Band No. 6.
P., Miss C. Roberts.
- 51809 Band No. 7.
P., Miss M. Roberts.
- 51810 Band No. 8.
P., Miss Sweeney.
- 51811 Band No. 9.
P., Miss Laster.
- 51812 Band No. 10.
P., Miss Kirk.
- 51813 Band No. 11.
P., Miss Mann.
- 51814 Band No. 12.
P., Miss Miller.
- 51815 Band No. 13.
P., Miss Poe.
- 51816 Band No. 14.
P., Miss Brown.
- 51817 School No. 29.
Band No. 1.
P., Jane W. Bass.
- 51818 Band No. 2.
P., Miss Van Buskirk.
- 51819 Band No. 3.
P., Miss Williams.
- 51820 Band No. 4.
P., Miss Prather.
- 51821 Band No. 5.
P., Miss Cook.
- 51822 Band No. 6.
P., Miss Henthorne.
- 51823 Band No. 7.
P., Miss Mulry.
- 51824 Band No. 8.
P., Miss Wallace.
- 51825 Band No. 9.
P., Miss Goodhart.
- 51826 Band No. 10.
P., Miss Whitsit.
- 51827 Band No. 11.
P., Miss Carr.
- 51828 Band No. 12.
P., Miss Lane.
- 51829 Band No. 13.
P., Miss Griffith.
- 51830 School No. 16.
Band No. 1.
P., Lavinia McFarland.
- 51831 Band No. 2.
P., Miss Bodemer.
- 51832 Band No. 3.
P., Miss Cook.
- 51833 Band No. 4.
P., Miss Griffin.
- 51834 Band No. 5.
P., Miss Kelly.
- 51835 Band No. 6.
P., Miss McCormick.
- 51836 Band No. 7.
P., Miss Francis.
- 51837 Band No. 8.
P., Miss Hendricks.
- 51838 Band No. 9.
P., Miss Miller.
- 51839 Band No. 10.
P., Miss Crowell.
- 51840 Band No. 11.
P., Miss Fowler.
- 51841 Band No. 12.
P., Miss Alligive.
- 51842 Band No. 13.
P., Miss Noelke.
- 51843 Band No. 14.
P., Miss Tallersall.
- 51844 School No. 17.
Band No. 1.
P., Cora Day.
- 51845 Band No. 2.
P., Miss Robinson.
- 51846 Band No. 3.
P., Miss Skillen.
- 51847 Band No. 4.
P., Miss Stark.
- 51848 Band No. 5.
P., Miss Carlisle.
- 51849 Band No. 6.
P., Miss Carr.
- 51850 Band No. 7.
P., Miss Tutewiler.
- 51851 Band No. 8.
P., Miss Busselle.
- 51852 Lincoln School.
Band No. 1.
P., Helen R. Lang.
- 51853 Band No. 2.
P., Miss Smith.
- 51854 Band No. 3.
P., Miss Voishiser.
- 51855 Band No. 4.
P., Miss Harper.
- 51856 Band No. 5.
P., Miss Sample.
- 51857 Band No. 6.
P., Miss Borst.
- 51858 Band No. 7.
P., Miss Brown.
- 51859 Band No. 8.
P., Miss Adams.
- 51860 School No. 19.
Band No. 1.
P., L. B. Williams.
- 51861 Band No. 2.
P., Miss Brown.
- 51862 Band No. 3.
P., Miss Morris.
- 51863 Band No. 4.
P., Miss Clay.
- 51864 Band No. 5.
P., Miss Brown.
- 51865 School No. 26.
Band No. 1.
P., V. A. Wilson.
- 51866 Band No. 2.
P., G. M. Chadwell.
- 51867 Band No. 3.
P., Miss Watkins.
- 51868 Band No. 4.
P., Miss Sweeney.
- 51869 Band No. 5.
P., Miss Sissle.
- 51870 Band No. 6.
P., Miss Hill.
- 51871 School No. 27.
Band No. 1.
P., Alice O'Hair.
- 51872 Band No. 2.
P., Miss Robson.
- 51873 Band No. 3.
P., Miss Ford.
- 51874 Band No. 4.
P., Miss Southard.
- 51875 Band No. 5.
P., Miss Paver.
- 51876 Band No. 6.
P., Miss Chipman.
- 51877 Band No. 7.
P., Miss Sharpe.
- 51878 Band No. 8.
P., Miss Bass.
- 51879 School No. 30.
Band No. 1.
P., Agnes B. Shea.
- 51880 Band No. 2.
P., Miss Goodlet.
- 51881 School No. 31.
Band No. 1.
P., Anna Courtney.
- 51882 Band No. 2.
P., Miss Hamilton.
- 51883 Band No. 3.
P., Miss Harter.
- 51884 Band No. 4.
P., Miss Fraze.
- 51885 Band No. 5.
P., Miss Tacoma.
- 51886 Band No. 6.
P., Miss Dwyer.
- 51887 Band No. 7.
P., Miss Behling.
- 51888 Band No. 8.
P., Miss Reiffel.
- 51889 School No. 32.
Band No. 1.
P., Lizzie J. Steams.
- 51890 Band No. 2.
P., Miss Robinson.
- 51891 Band No. 3.
P., Miss Browder.
- 51892 Band No. 4.
P., Miss Schmidt.
- 51893 Band No. 5.
P., Miss Ashbrook.
- 51894 Band No. 6.
P., Miss Dodson.
- 51895 Band No. 7.
P., Miss Rogers.
- 51896 Band No. 8.
P., Miss Dickson.
- 51897 Band No. 9.
P., Miss Cowen.
- 51898 Band No. 10.
P., Miss Hersham.
- 51899 Band No. 11.
P., Miss Coffey.
- 51900 Band No. 12.
P., Miss Davis.
- 51901 Band No. 13.
P., Miss Robbins.
- 51902 Band No. 14.
P., Miss Randall.
- 51903 Band No. 15.
P., Miss Coffey.
- 51904 *Dartmouth, N. S.*
Bras d'Or Band.
P., Grace M. Hart.
- 51905 *Dubuque, Iowa.*
Orphan House Band.
P., Annie P. Woodworth.
- 51906 *Cooperstown, N. Y.*
North Brookfield, Mass.
High School Band.
P., Charles F. Fullam.
- 51908 *Brick School Band, Div. 1.*
P., Katherine A. Mahoney.
- 51909 *Brick School Band, Div. 2.*
P., W. B. Learned.
- 51910 *Brick School Band, Div. 3.*
P., M. E. Tower.
- 51911 *Brick School Band, Div. 4.*
P., Martha Swan.
- 51912 *Brick School Band, Div. 5.*
P., K. A. Downey.
- 51913 *Brick School Band, Div. 6.*
P., Ethel A. Bryant.
- 51914 *Brick School Band, Div. 7.*
P., Theresa Doyle.
- 51915 *Grove Street School Band, Div. 1.*
P., Miss Kathelyn Downey.
- 51916 *Grove Street School Band, Div. 2.*
P., Mary L. Carey.
- 51917 *Grove Street School Band, Div. 3.*
P., Minnie I. Kernen.
- 51918 *District No. 7 Band.*
P., Emily Lane.
- 51919 *Southbridge, Mass.*
High School Band.
P., Fred E. Corbin.
- 51920 *Morey Street School Band, Div. 1.*
P., Miss Laura E. Shepardson.
- 51921 *Morey Street School Band, Div. 2.*
P., I. P. Taylor.
- 51922 *Morey Street School Band, Div. 3.*
P., L. O. Twombly.
- 51923 *Morey Street School Band, Div. 4.*
P., Alice Holmes.
- 51924 *Morey Street School Band, Div. 5.*
P., Mary E. Meagher.
- 51925 *Morey Street School Band, Div. 6.*
P., M. E. Dougherty.
- 51926 *Morey Street School Band, Div. 7.*
P., Flora M. Wild.
- 51927 *Morey Street School Band, Div. 8.*
P., J. Eva Conner.
- 51928 *Main St. Sch. Band, Div. 1.*
P., C. P. Chase.
- 51929 *Main St. Sch. Band, Div. 2.*
P., Mary Boardman.
- 51930 *Main St. Sch. Band, Div. 3.*
P., Jane Simpson.
- 51931 *Main St. Sch. Band, Div. 4.*
P., S. M. Knight.
- 51932 *Elm St. Sch. Band, Div. 1.*
P., Mary Page.
- 51933 *Elm St. Sch. Band, Div. 2.*
P., M. E. McCabe.
- 51934 *Kansas City, Mo.*
Harmony Band.
P., Henrietta Horning.
- 51935 *Tacoma, Wash.*
Tacoma S. D. A. Sch. Band.
P., Miss Faith Burch.
- 51936 *Abingdon, Va.*
The Robert E. Lee Band.
P., Miss M. L. Marsh.
- 51937 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Fannie Hoofmagle.
- 51938 *The Martha Washington Band.*
P., Miss Kate Wheeler.
- 51939 *Savanna, Ill.*
P., Mrs. Kathryn Wire Hammond.
- 51940 *Towanda, Pa.*
McKinley Band.
P., Willie Dixon.
- 51941 *Hammond, Ind.*
Barden Band.
P., Master Philip Barden.
- 51942 *Fredericton, N. B.*
Acadia Band.
P.,
- 51943 *Brunswick Band.*
P., Miss Currie.
- 51944 *Carleton Band.*
P., Miss Thompson.
- 51945 *Douglas Band.*
P., Miss L. Nicolson.
- 51946 *Evangeline Band.*
P., M. A. O'Bleness.
- 51947 *Charlotte Band.*
P., Miss McAdam.
- 51948 *King Edward Band.*
P., Miss Thompson.
- 51949 *Victoria Band.*
P., Mr. J. Mills.
- 51950 *Alexandra Band.*
P., Miss M. Nicolson.
- 51951 *Fort Meade, Fla.*
Junior League Band.
P., Alberta Thomson.
- 51952 *Cambridgeport, Mass.*
Wellington Band.
P., Charles Keshenofsky.
- 51953 *Sturbridge, Mass.*
Fiskdale Band, Div. 1.
P., Nellie M. Chase.
- 51954 *Fiskdale Band, Div. 2.*
P., Anna F. Lombard.
- 51955 *Fiskdale Band, Div. 3.*
P., Susie M. Kay.
- 51956 *Fiskdale Band, Div. 4.*
P., N. W. Nolan.
- 51957 *Snellville Band, Div. 1.*
P., Julia E. Connolly.
- 51958 *Snellville Band, Div. 2.*
P., Agnes Monohan.
- 51959 *Sturbridge Centre Band, Div. 1.*
P., Florence E. Chase.
- 51960 *Sturbridge Centre Band, Div. 2.*
P., Miss Blanche E. Harwood.
- 51961 *Sturbridge Band, Div. 9.*
P., Miss Forgarty.
- 51962 *Sturbridge Band, Div. 10.*
P., Miss Ruth Chamberlain.
- 51963 *Sturbridge Band, Div. 11.*
P., Miss Babcock.
- 51964 *Sturbridge Band, Div. 12.*
P., Miss Alice Whittemore.
- 51965 *Southbridge, Mass.*
Mechanics St. Sch. Band, Div. 1.
P., Martha Cutting.
- 51966 *Mechanics St. Sch. Band, Div. 2.*
P., A. M. Simpson.
- 51967 *Mechanics St. Sch. Band, Div. 3.*
P., Margaret G. Butler.
- 51968 *Mechanics St. Sch. Band, Div. 4.*
P., Gertrude Litchfield.
- 51969 *Globe Band, Div. 1.*
P., A. R. Rowley.
- 51970 *Globe Band, Div. 2.*
P., Bertha Harwood.
- 51971 *Globe Band, Div. 3.*
P., Miss Meagher.

THE NEW YEAR'S MASS FOR THE BEASTS.

In the mountainous regions of the Cevennes, in France, there is said every year, on New Year's eve, a Mass, followed by the blessing of the herds of cattle. The Mass is called by the country people the "Mass for the animals." A writer describing it, says:

"The churches in those comparatively wild regions are generally few and far between, and are built often on high rocks overlooking plains, where there are many poor villages, one church and one humble priest doing duty for several of these hamlets.

"I shall never forget the impression created on my mind by the scene which presented itself to my eyes on the New Year's eve, when, accompanied by some friends, I attended 'the animals' Mass.' I stood under the portico of the tiny little gray stone church and watched the flocks being led up the steep incline toward the plateau, whereon the modest edifice is built. The church was a poor little place, with lichen grown walls and a square, ungraceful steeple, the bell of which was ringing frantically. The inner decorations, thoroughly in keeping with the outside of this mountain chapel, consisted of crude, almost primitive paintings, and of a set of high wooden candlesticks, and some earthen vases filled with pine branches, which stood on the altar. The building was crowded with stalwart mountaineers, clad in their festive attire, each of them holding a lighted candle of coarse, yellow wax, glimmering like tiny stars, and every man and woman singing an old Cevenol hymn.

"In the meantime column after column of cattle advanced toward the church, and marshalled by their drivers, took their places in long files on the turf in front of the wide open portico. The oxen came first, followed by the cows, sheep and goats in a continuous stream, and the rays of the full moon which glittered high above us over the dark slopes of the mountains shone on the long, polished horns and tawny hides of this strange congregation. Mass was celebrated by the pastor, a white-haired and venerable man, who appeared almost majestic in his heavy brocaded vestments, which must have been several hundred years old.

"When he at last had spoken the usual 'Ite missa est,' indicating that the sacred ceremony was over, instead of retiring to the vestry, he once more lifted the Host from the altar, and, followed by the entire congregation, marched toward the portals, chanting the 'Magnificat' as he went. Upon reaching the steps of the church the old priest halted, and holding the sacred Host high above his head, pronounced some words of benediction in a low but emphatic voice. The drivers and shepherds fell upon their knees, and with bowed heads murmured the responses, while an acolyte, armed with a holy water sprinkler, walked through the ranks of the cattle, sprinkling them with the holy fluid. Whether the animals realized the solemnity of the occasion or not, all those which had hitherto been lying down arose to their feet, as if to listen to the short but impressive allocution addressed to the drivers by the venerable pastor.

"After this was finished, all joined in a hymn of praise. Like a peal of thunder the grand melody echoed from hill to hill in the clear night air, sung by hundreds of throats, and rolled majestically to the very confines of the horizon. The startled animals united their powerful voices to the concert. It was grand and weird beyond description. As the last note died away the procession began to move, the priest re-entering the church while the animals slowly wended their way towards the valley in the same order as they had come. I followed them with my eyes, much impressed by this festival, so beautiful in its simplicity, and it was only when the last little bleating lamb had left the grassy court before the church that I consented to join my friends who were preparing to drive home."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

EVERY HUMANE PHYSICIAN IN MASSACHUSETTS.

We think every humane physician in Massachusetts will join with us in denouncing the teaching of girls and boys in our public schools to dissect cats, dogs and other animals.

Think of school boys and girls being taught to kill and dissect male and female cats!

How many male and female cats do the teachers dissect before they teach school boys and girls how to do it?

Did the devil ever invent anything better calculated to offset the humane teachings of our "Bands of Mercy"?

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HORSES.

We always like to see a farmer or a horseman drive up to a hitching-post these winter days, jump out of the rig, unfold a big warm blanket and carefully cover his faithful horse. There is a big heart in that man. He is thinking of something else besides himself, and he takes as much pleasure in caring for his horse's comfort as for himself. On the other hand, it makes us sad to see a great big man, warmly clad from head to foot, drive a steaming horse up to the rack, hastily tie him fast, leave him shivering, and make for the nearest hot stove. There is something wrong about this fellow. He may be a nice man, belong to church, may not swear, smoke nor have any bad habits, but he has no feelings for a dumb animal.—*La Mure County Chronicle.*

We are glad to know that Mrs. Elizabeth J. Timmins, widow of Rev. Thomas Timmins, who rendered such efficient service in helping found our American "Bands of Mercy," is still engaged in humane work at 31 Hudson Road, Southsea, Portsmouth, Hants, England, and is apparently in comfortable health.

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle.

In winter feed the birds.



[From "Hear then the Verdict."]
A Member of our Parent American Band of Mercy.

"HEAR THEN THE VERDICT AND OTHER POEMS."

Under the above title comes to our table a volume of poems with 46 illustrative pictures, by Lorin Ludlow, which looking over we have read with more interest than from any other volume of poems we have received during the year.

We give our readers from it the

ALL DAY VOICES IN THE CITY.

"Man made the city."—Cowper.

I sat me down some lines to write,
But soon was in a mood to fight;
For I had just begun my song,
When two street criers came along.
Ugh ! I wished the fiends to throttle :
"Ole-raiga ! Ole-raiga ! Eny-raiga-bottle ?"

I tried again, got through a line,
And caught a glimpse of something fine,
But only glimpse, for I was then
Made crosser than a brooding hen !
This time it was that awful yell :
"Mac Rell ! Mac Rell ! Nice, fresh Mac Rell !"

I waited till "Mac Rell" got by,
Then, feeling vexed enough to cry,
Picked up again my pen and wit,
And started in to make a hit,
When this refrain fell on my ear :
"Be-nan-nays ! [bananas] Bye-be-nay-nays,
hare !"

I thought to give it up : but then—
Ought tongue be let to squelch the pen ?
No, no ! I tried the thing once more ;
Alas ! no better than before :
The oily tongue that flitched my hope
Came on the scene with "Sope ! Sope ! Sope !"

At last I gave up all control,
With bitter feelings in my soul :
Ought any city sell the right
To howl the streets from morn till night ?
Ought citizens be robbed their peace
By traders in old rags and grease ?

Ought venders be allowed to yell
Through decent streets like imps of hell ?
Disturb the sick, dispel all thought,
Because some wares are sold and bought ?
Are cities truly civilized
With savagery so undisguised ?

Methinks there is some better way
Our people will demand, some day ;
A way that better sense will suit,
For trade in rage and fish and fruit.
"Pray give us now !" so hosts implore,
"Relief from this tremendous bore !"

Our Dumb Animals.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for November, 1902.

Fines and witness fees, \$72.25.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

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